The Sharon Divorce Case.

In the *Wasp* of the 12th instant, will be found an alarming representation of a scene in Judge Sullivan's Court, on the 9th instant. A female witness is represented as having a revolver in each hand, and her son on the other side of the Court, in the act of cocking another deadly weapon. The circumstance which gave rise to such a bellicose state of affairs was the cross-questioning of a female witness by Judge Tyler. The S. F. *Bulletin* reports that part of the trial as follows:—

Judge Tyler pointed to a young man sitting behind him, and said he did not like his looks. He had the look of a perfect fiend with his hand in his pocket.

The Court to the young man—You will retire from the court-room.

The witness—He is my son and my protector, and I want him to remain.

The Court—The witness will retire for a few moments.

Gen. Barnes then said it was astonishing that attorneys engaged in this case sit at the table with their hands on pistols. It seemed to him that in a temple of justice that an appeal should be made to the Court for protection, and not to the weapon of the assassin.

W. B. Tyler said if anything should occur to him or his father, he would not be loth to draw a weapon in defense, even in a court of justice. We were informed this morning that the young man would be in court armed. I saw him with his hand in his pocket. Had he drawn his pistol he doubtless would have been killed. I will protect my life and that of my father at all hazards.

Following is the text of the remarks and order made by Judge Sullivan on the 11th instant, in reference to the court-room occurrence on the previous forenoon:

"I have about settled in my mind as to the admissibility of that question, but I will hear counsel further in the matter. In addition to that there is a matter of more serious import to the Court than the mere question of ruling on the admissibility or exclusion of certain evidence. It has been very fully developed here by the testimony and the confessions and action of the parties, that a number of the parties connected with the trial of this case on one side or the other are coming to this court-room armed. I do not think that a judge in a trial of a case of this character should be compelled to sit under such circumstances. I now announce that I decline to further conduct the trial of this case unless I am assured that everybody in the court-room is unarmed. I think that it is proper that I, sitting here as I do in the trial of this case, entirely disinterested, cold and fearless of everything as to after consequences, should be uninfluenced by any fear of personal danger in the immediate surrounding. I don't think that any officer of this Court or any party permitted under the orders of this Court to be present during the trial of this case would submit me, while exercising my cool and unbiased judgment, to the danger of any personal harm or injury. I feel if matters are allowed to go on as they were this morning that it is not safe for me to proceed with the conduct the trial of this case. I have consulted with some of my associates on the bench and they agree with me that it is proper that a Judge in the trial of a case should feel that he is not in immediate danger, whatever may be the consequences of his conscientious rulings on his after career. He must take those consequences by virtue of his position, and he cannot escape them. Accordingly I deem it proper to make an order that no one be permitted to enter this court-room with any arms on his person, and the clerk will enter that order."

PROHIBITION OF WEAPONS.

The argument on the defendant's objection to the disturbing question was then begun, when Judge Sullivan interrupted it with the remark that witnesses might be excused, as he would hear no testimony that afternoon, nor until he was assured that no one in the Court was armed.

Gen. Barnes asked if that rule was final as to the afternoon, and Judge Sullivan replied: "The rule is a final one, because I will not proceed with the taking of testimony without the certificate of some one in charge of the approaches to this room that those in attendance are not armed. My only desire is to arrive at the truth, and I think I can better do that if I am not in immediate personal danger."

Gen. Barnes—No one on our side is armed.

Judge Tyler Jr.—No one on our side has a gun.

The Court—I prefer the certificate of some disinterested person to that fact. There will be no testimony taken this afternoon.

Why Kerosene Lamps Explode.

A great many fatal accidents occur from trying to pour a little kerosene on the fire to make it kindle better; also by pouring oil in a lamp while it is lighted. Most persons suppose it is the kerosene itself that explodes, and that if they are very careful to keep the oil itself from being touched by fire or light there will be no danger. But this is not so. If a can or lamp is left almost half full of kerosene oil the oil will dry up—that is, "evaporate"—a little, and will form, by mingling with the air in the upper part, a very explosive gas. You cannot see this gas any more than you can see air. But if it is disturbed and driven out, and a blaze reaches it, there will be a terrible explosion, although the blaze did not touch the oil. There are also several other liquids used in houses and workshops which will produce an explosive vapor in this way. Benzine is one, burning fluid is another, and naptha, alcohol, ether, chloroform may do the same thing. In a New York workshop lately there was a can of benzine or gasoline on the floor. A boy, sixteen years old, lighted a cigarette and threw the burning match on the floor close to the can. He did not dream there was any danger, because the liquid was corked up in the can. But there was a great explosion and he was badly hurt. This seems very mysterious. The probability is that the can had been standing there a good while, and a good deal of vapor had formed, some of which had leaked out around the stopper and was hanging in a sort of invisible cloud over and around the can, and this cloud, when the match struck it, exploded. Suppose a girl tries to fill a kerosene lamp without first trying to blow it out. Of course the lamp is nearly empty, or she would not care to fill it. This empty space is filled with a cloud of explosive vapor arising from the oil in the lamp. When she pushes the nozzle of the can into the lamp at the top and begins to pour, the oil running into the lamp fills the space, and pushes the cloud of explosive vapor up; the vapor is obliged to pour out over the edges of the lamp, at the top, into the room outside. It strikes against the blazing wick which the girl is holding down by one side. The blaze of the wick sets the invisible cloud of vapor afire, and there is an explosion which ignites the oil and scatters it over her clothes and over the furniture of the room. This is the way in which a kerosene lamp bursts. The same thing may occur when a girl pours the oil over the fire in the range or stove, if there is a cloud of explosive vapor in the upper part of the can, or if the stove is hot enough to quickly vaporize some of the oil as it falls. Remember it is not the oil but the invisible vapor which explodes. Taking care of the oil will never protect you. There is no safety except in this rule: Never pour oil on a lighted fire or into a lighted lamp.—Exchange.

About the Sugar Tax.

A special customs agent who has, says the *N. E. Grocer*, spent much time in Cuba, expresses the opinion that if the United States should abolish the duty on sugar, the Spanish Government would impose an equivalent export tax, and the result would be that the price of sugar would not be reduced in the United States. This was the case when the duties upon coffee were removed. These export duties are now equivalent to one-third of one cent per pound on all sugars exported to the United States. The suggestions of this special custom agent are the arguments which are used by the Louisiana sugar planters and others who are opposed to the abolition of duty on sugar. Ex-Senator Kellogg, himself a large sugar planter, says that if the United States duty is removed, practically the same tax will be placed upon the sugar by the Cuban authorities as an export duty.

Teaching Cigar Making.

The Technical Training School established by the Cigar Manufacturers' Association of the Pacific Coast opened recently in the old rooms of the Bar Association on Sacramento street. Twenty-five girls and five young men were set to work at stripping tobacco, the sexes being placed in different rooms. The pupils' ages range from 15 years upwards. They were bright and neatly dressed. There are many more applicants for admission. A number of these will be chosen daily until 250 have been given places. The apprentices will first be put on the work of stripping and then will be taught how to roll cigars. After three months' experience they will be employed either in the school or in the factories of members of the Association, and will be paid wages. The first floor of the school building has been fitted up for cigar making. The second floor is allotted to the stripping department. Superintendent McIntyre is in charge of the school, and fifteen teachers assist him. It is thought that the running expenses will be $5,000 per month, but the promoters of the affair consider that in the end they will be repaid for this outlay by having enough skilled white labor on this Coast. It is said that this training movement has extended to the other trades and that other schools will be established.—[Examiner.

Electric Lights.

The Liverpool *Post* states that a discovery has recently been made in electric lighting which, it is hoped by the patentees, will solve the question how to bring the electric light into operation far domestic use. It has been found possible, it is said, to produce the light without the aid of either engines or dynamos. All that are required are the ordinary metals and carbons and a peculiar kind of acid. These are put into an ordinary cell, and immediately the acid is poured in, and the continuity established, the electric force begins to develop. Experiments have recently been made by Mr. E. Thomson, the well know electrical engineer, by which a 20-candle light has been kept continuously going by the electric current being generated in this way, and the experiments have been pronounced a decided success by all who have witnessed them. By this process, no accumulators are required, and the batteries can be so made as to supply one or a hundred or more lights, according to the number required. The new light, which is called the Acme, it is asserted, will be admirably adapted for country residences, yachts, &c., and can, it is estimated, be produced at a price about the same as that of gas, with very superior illuminating power, while the original expense of providing 20 lamps of 10-candle power each is calculated at about £50.

Better than Maine Liquor Laws.

England's great orator and reformer—John Bright, says: "Some years ago I met a German gentleman, himself, I believe, from the Kingdom of Saxony, and the question of education was being discussed. He told me that fifty years previous, intemperance was so common in that country that if there was a man anywhere drunk, they said—'Why, he is as drunk as a Saxon,'—but, the gentleman added, 'Now you might use the very opposite expression: and, if you wanted to describe a man who was to be relied upon for his sobriety, you would say—Why, he is as sober as a Saxon.' I said-tell me how this has been brought about? Have you had any great changes in your laws with reference to the sale of intoxicating liquors? He replied that so far as he knew there was no such legal change of any importance, none that struck his mind, but he added that he believed the change had been made entirely by the schools. He said that they had had an admirable system of education established, and the result had been such a change in the character of the growing generation. So much self-respect, so much knowledge of what was due to themselves and to those around them, so much sense of what would contribute to their own comfort and happiness, that the practice and the vice of intoxication have been almost banished from among them."

A "Hachish" Experiment.

A correspondent of the St. James' *Gazette* writes about an experiment he made upon himself with hachish, a narcotic drug prepared from the common hemp plant, which is said to produce marvellous effects upon Orientals. He says that after swallowing six grains "I felt lazy and disinclined to move, and this tendency was speedily increased by an agreeable sensation of warmth that pervaded my whole body. Presently a curious torpor began to take possession of my extremities. My feet and hands successively 'went to sleep' for a few moments, and when they awoke again, tingled as if they had been frost-bitten, and were rapidly regaining their normal condition. Although I did not lose consciousness for more than three or four seconds at a time, consecutive thought now became irksome, if not impossible, and I voluntarily surrendered myself to the dreaminess that now came over me. My mind, too, seemed to quit my body and travel into a fairy land. It visited the strand on a calm and moonlit sea, in whose waters beautiful women bathed, laughing. Thence it was transported to the sward of a forest glade, full of the music of birds that flitted hither and thither. Again, with equal suddenness, it was carried upwards through the crisp of night to a mountain peak, whence all around was visible in the starlight; and I felt myself alone in a world of ice-fields and avalanches. But no vision lasted for long. It changed with the rapidity of the pattern in the revolving kaleidoscope. I had not the strength of will to tear myself away from my dreaming. And no wonder, seeing what dreams were mine! I seemed to be as much at home in water and air as on the earth. After flying through space towards a star, and noticing as I approached it its increasing magnitude and brightness, I fell seaward, and, plunging beneath the waves, found myself in a glorious cavern, through whose rosy vault echoed the tones of an organ. It must have been at this time that I staggered to the piano which stood in the corner of the room. Under ordinary circumstances I am a poor player, yet I have a good ear, and improvise with tolerable facility. I began a wild melody like some of the quaint creations of Saint-Saens, and played it (so a friend says) with brilliancy. For myself, I remember nothing of my performance. My adventure with the piano seems to have turned the current of my ideas. I was led back to my chair by the fire, and thenceforth my visions, instead of being sublime, become ridiculous. Then succeeded the third stage of the influence of the hachish. Numbness seemed to steal over me, and I went to sleep. An hour later, or about four hours and-a-quarter after having swallowed the hachish, I awoke, dazed and dreamy; but a draught of cold water immediately brought me to myself, and in ten minutes more the influence of the drug had entirely evaporated. What is more, I had a furious appetite, and at midnight I ate a great supper. I had no headache, no lassitude, and no nervousness; and, when, in the small hours, I turned into bed, I slept soundly, dreamlessly, and naturally, and rose next morning none the worse for my experiment."

THE STORY-TELLER.

There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

(Concluded.)

'I am right glad of that.'

'But I have cut him down a bit, and I have changed my executor; now please remember—the next time I die—you are my sole executor; and your keys never leave you.'

She cast a look of affection and gratitude on him. He had applied the right salve to her wound. She was not greedy of money, but to take her keys from her was to dishonor her in her office.

It was soon public that Mr. Sutton had made a new will—contents unknown.

We are disinherited,' cried Joe's wife; 'and by that woman Barnes; I always warned you how it would end; but you never would get rid of her; we have you to thank for it, the children and I.'

Joe resisted for once.

'No,' said he; 'it is all your doing; she would have let you alone if you had let her alone; but you were in such a hurry to insult her you could not wait till it was safe.'

What ho! mutiny! rebellion! And by the head of the house. Mrs. Joe went into a fury, and threatened to leave him, but as usual the disagreement ended in his apologising for his gleam of reason.

When Mr. Sutton had kept them on tenter hooks for a month or more, and was in better health than ever he had been, he instructed his lawyer to answer the questions of coarse or interested curiosity, and it soon became public that he had made an equal division—half to his nephew's family, with life interest to Joseph himself, and half to Rebecca Barnes and her heirs forever. Joe liked this much better than being disinherited.

'Come, Molly,' said he, 'blood is thicker than water; I am content; a hundred thousand pounds is not starvation.'

Mrs. Joe, however, did not seem to think so.

'To share our inheritance with a menial?' said she, and repeated this in more places than one.

She even inoculated Dr. Stevenson with this gentle phrase, and prevailed on him to offer friendly advice to his late patient, and gave him hints what to say.

Mrs. Joe was his best client, being full of imaginary disorders; so he adopted her course, called on Mr. Sutton, was heartily welcomed, promised him thirty years more of life, and then took the liberty of an old friend to advise him. Barnes was a spinster, and no relation to him. Joe had a young family. The division was not equal, and would it not be a pity to leave disproportionate wealth to a menial?

'A menial?' inquired Sutton, affecting ignorance of his meaning.

'Well, it is a harsh term, but it is what people are saying just now, and would say louder over your tombstone; and, after all, whoever you pay wages to is a menial, and if large fortunes are left to them, especially females, why, somehow it always makes scandal, and throws discredit on an honored name; I hope you will not be angry with me for speaking freely—we are old friends.'

Mr. Sutton seemed to ponder.

'I am afraid you are right; it is too much money to leave to a menial;' then, suddenly, 'Seen Joe and his wife lately?'

'I saw them only yesterday,' said the doctor, off his guard;' 'may I venture to tell them you will reconsider the matter.'

'Not from me; but you can tell whom you like that, on second thoughts, I ought not to make a menial my executor.'

'You are right; and I suppose you will not leave such a very large fortune?'

'To a menial?—.'

The doctor had no sooner gone than Mr. Sutton rang the bell, and bade a servant send Rebecca to him. When she came he handed her a draft for £100, and told her she must get a wedding-dress ready made, and waste no time, for she was to be married right off by special license.

'Me!' said she, staring, and then blushing; 'never.'

'Next Monday, at 10.30,' said he calmly.

'No, sir,' said she resolutely, 'I'll never leave my master.' I always respected you; and now I have nursed you, I—— Don't ask me to leave you, for I won't. The idea!'

'Who asks you, goose? It is me you have got to marry.'

'You, sir?'

She blushed like a girl, looked at him to see if he was in earnest, and then said,

'Well, I never!'

'Come, Becky,' said he, 'you are a woman now; don't waste time like a girl.'

'I am a woman,' said she, 'and too much your friend to do this folishness. Where's the use? I shall never leave you, whether or no. And finely the folk would talk if you were to marry your servant! See how they always do on such occasions! No, sir, if you will be ruled by me for once' (she had been guiding him for years), 'you will let well alone. As a servant you have got a very good bargain in Becky Barnes. But I should be a bad bargain as a wife.'

'Don't you—teach me—my business, Becky Barnes,' said the master severely; 'I have been making bargains all my life, and never a bad one. I have had you under my eyes twenty years in health and sickness. You are a good house-keeper, a tender nurse, a faithful friend, and you are going to be a good wife. Come, you'll have to obey me at last, so don't waste words, and don't waste time.'

By this time Rebecca's face was red and her eyes moist at such unwonted praise from a man who never exaggerated or flattered. She looked at him softly, and said, with a pretty air of mock defiance; 'I'll tell every body you made me.'

'Say what you like, my dear, and do what I bid you.'

So then he drew her to him and kissed her; put the draft into her hand, and dispatched her to make her purchases. Sunday night she